

14.15

**Youth**  
AUGUST 1963

---

Religious Education  
EXHIBIT  
Pacific School of Religion

**SPECIAL  
CREATIVE  
ARTS  
AWARD  
ISSUE**

# Youth

AUGUST 1963

Volume 14 Number 15

**Editor:**

Herman C. Ahrens, Jr.

**Associate Editor:**

Joan Hemenway

**Art Consultant:**

Charles Newton

**Administrative Secretary:**

Clara Utermohlen

**Editorial Address:**

Room 800

1505 Race St.

Philadelphia 2, Pa.

YOUTH magazine is prepared for the young people of the United Church of Christ. Published biweekly throughout the year (except during July and August, when monthly) by United Church Press. Publication office: 1720 Chouteau Avenue, St. Louis 3, Mo. Second class postage paid at Philadelphia, Pa., and at additional mailing offices. Accepted for mailing at a special rate of postage, provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized June 30, 1943.

*Subscription rates:* Single subscriptions, \$3.00 a year. For group rates write for order blank. Biweekly copies, 15 cents each; monthly copies, 25 cents each.

*Subscription offices:* Division of Publication, Board for Homeland Ministries, United Church of Christ, 1505 Race St., Philadelphia 2, Pa., or The Pilgrim Press, 14 Beacon St., Boston 8, Mass.

## CONTENTS:

### SECTION

PAGE

1 / PHOTOGRAPHS

2 / NON-FICTION

3 / SCULPTURE

4 / POETRY

5 / ART

6 / FICTION

*more than talent . . .  
teens reveal an awareness  
of today's world*

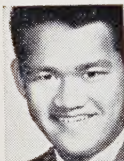
The pages of this issue have been filled with the creative expression of talented teens who responded to our 1963 Creative Arts Award competition. First announced in our January 20, 1963 issue of YOUTH magazine, the competition closed with a deadline of May 15. Any young person under 20 years of age could qualify. The six categories of creative expression were photography, art work, sculpture, poetry, fiction, and non-fiction. Each person who has an entry published in this issue is receiving twenty-five dollars. And so we proudly present this Creative Arts Award issue of YOUTH magazine. (If you wish extra copies of this issue, send 25 cents, plus ten cents postage for each copy.)

We believe that when today's youth are given a chance to speak, you have some unique insights to share about the world in which you are growing up. Often, when adults sneak a look at copies of YOUTH magazine, they tell us how pleased, and surprised, they are with the depth of insight, the breadth of knowledge, and the creative talent with which teens express themselves in articles and quotes appearing in our magazine. You have much to tell the world. And we are happy to be one forum from which you can be heard.

The response to the 1963 Creative Arts Award was encouraging and enlightening, and so we are already planning for a 1964 Creative Arts Award competition for this coming year. But we don't want you to feel that you have to wait until next year to send us your creative efforts at expressing your own personal thoughts and impressions. Every issue of YOUTH is your forum. If you have something you want to get off your chest, express it in words or art or photos and send it to us. It might, or it might *not*, appear in a future issue of YOUTH magazine. What are your gripes, your fears, your questions, your joys, your successes, your failures, your hopes, your dreams? Share them with us.



# 1/PHOTOGRAPH



**ALEXANDER IN, NANAKULI, OAHU, HAWAII. AGE 18/** "My interest in photography (No Title, page 5) stemmed from observing other students who worked in our school darkroom. I joined our high school photography staff during my sophomore year and learned to photograph, develop and print pictures. I was a staff photographer for our school newspaper and year book for three years and became head photographer both in my senior year. The thing that I find creative about photography is that the photographer may see his subject from a point of view different from that of the layman."



**DAVID MAC EACHRAN, CONCORD, N.H. AGE 17/** "A sunset, a rainy day, a morning: all became exciting new adventures for me as a photographer. I use a camera as a tool of expression the same way an artist uses brushes or a writer uses a pen. I create to take a dead tree and photograph it in such a way that it turns into a living being with character and beauty. A creative person can look at a waterfall and see millions of sparkling diamonds. A worn city street that has been sprinkled with rain can glow with radiance if it is observed by someone with creativity (Christmas Eve, page 6). I am always asking myself what I can do to improve my work."



**WILLIAM LIKE, HONOLULU, HAWAII. AGE 16/** "After learning the fundamentals and basics of this art, it was easy and very challenging to photograph something common and yet make it seem different and better than it is. The entry that I sent (Stop Top, page 7) was a challenge in itself because I had never tried night (time exposure) photography before and I was very surprised by the results. I had read about this type of photography before and I wanted to try my luck at it even when failure was what was expected."



**JOHN SCHAFER, DES PLAINES, ILL. AGE 18/** "Only when a photographer learns to focus on life through a viewfinder well enough to discover beauty, moods and emotions and to capture them in an unusual yet truthful way, can he be called an artist. (Stop Of A Train Wheel, page 7, bottom; Photographer, page 10 bottom). Only after coming familiar with photo techniques and collecting a large number of slides and negatives did I realize that just as a pencil and a mastery of penmanship do not make an artistic writer, neither do a camera and a knowledge of photo techniques make a photographic artist."



**LYNN THOMAS, SAN BERNARDINO, CAL. AGE 17/** "I first became interested in photography four years ago. A friend had taken the school's course in photography. He showed me his home darkroom. I was intrigued by the photo-mechanical process. It was not long before I had my own darkroom and a good camera. I have begun to discover that there is more to taking pictures than pushing a button and developing film. A good photographer's job is to develop an instinct as to when to expose his film (Pass Me, page 10, top). The basketball picture (Good Lead At The Quarter, pages 10 and 11) was taken during the finals of a tournament. The team pictured was slowly losing a small lead."



**ANITA DOUTHAT, ALEXANDRIA, KY. AGE 13/** "I began photography as a 4-H project. Last year I was Junior County champion in that field. My father gave me my camera two years ago. Since both of my parents are interested in photography, other equipment and information were at hand. The entries (Flamingo Show At Nat'l page 11) were my best recent photographs."



in place  
in our  
moments  
profound  
prophet  
a that  
laying

ity, it  
e a dan  
a pa  
ro a li  
all not  
with a  
how B

olme  
ing of  
S  
expe  
this  
a wa

lanc  
cent  
S  
ter  
res  
at 2  
mille

se  
er  
H  
sch  
and  
Pan  
P

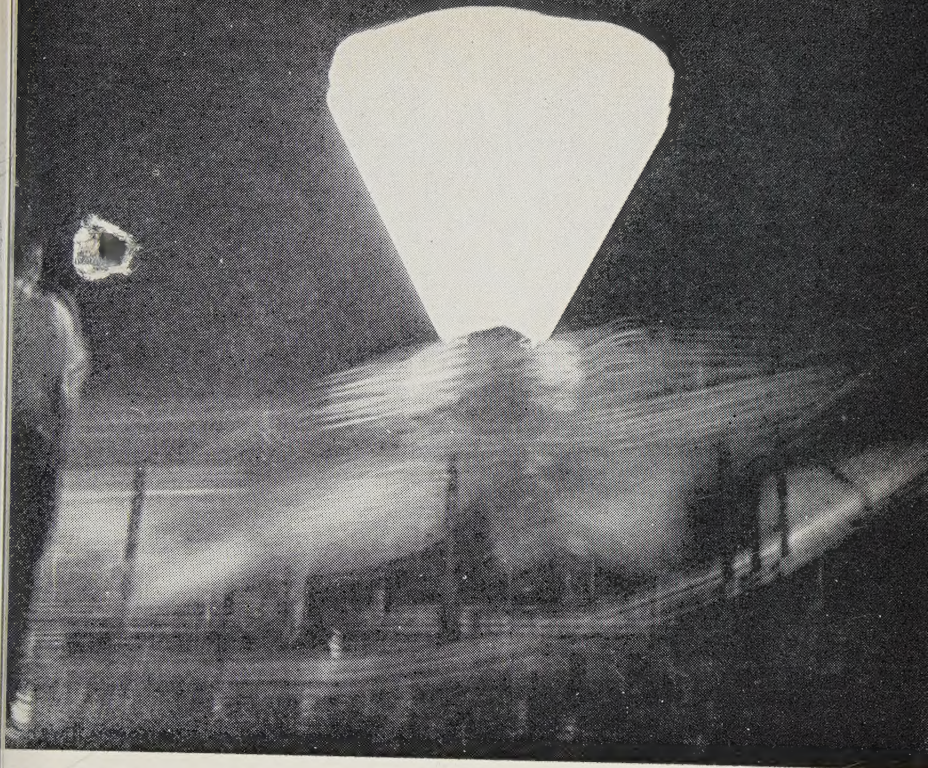




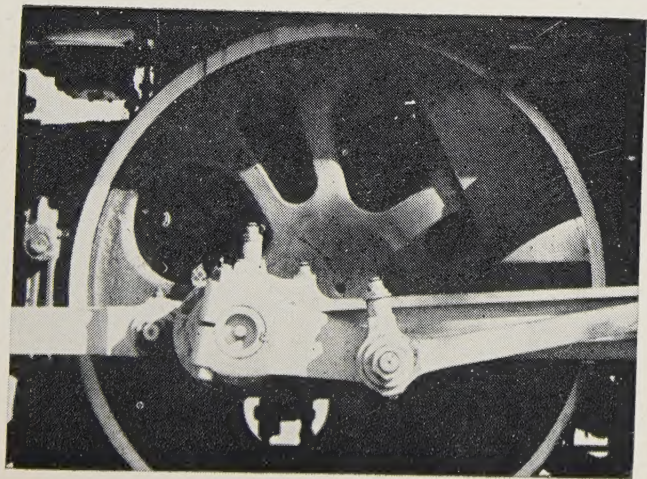
CHRISTMAS RAIN/ by David Mac Eachran





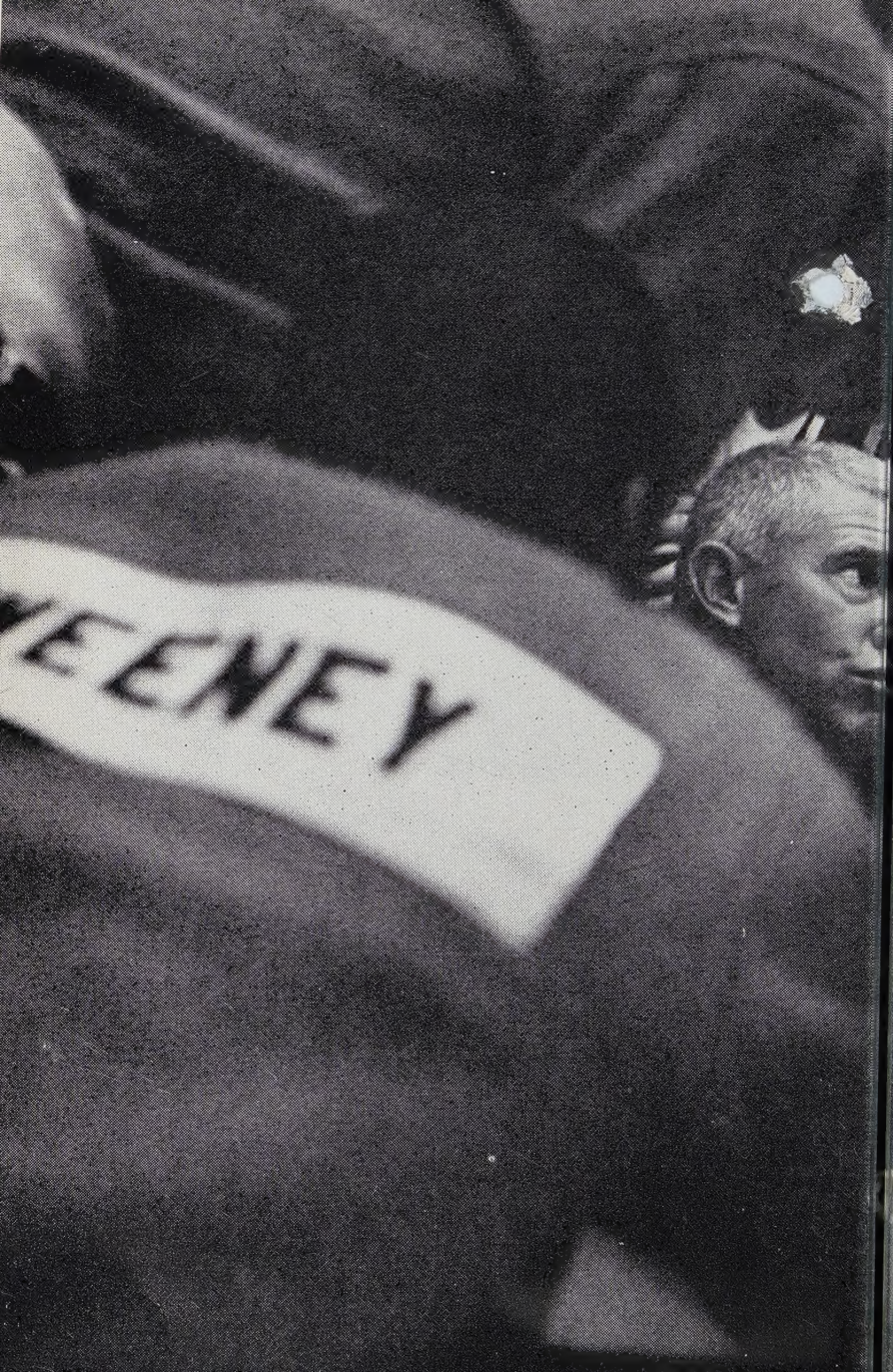


PAGE TOP/ by William Like



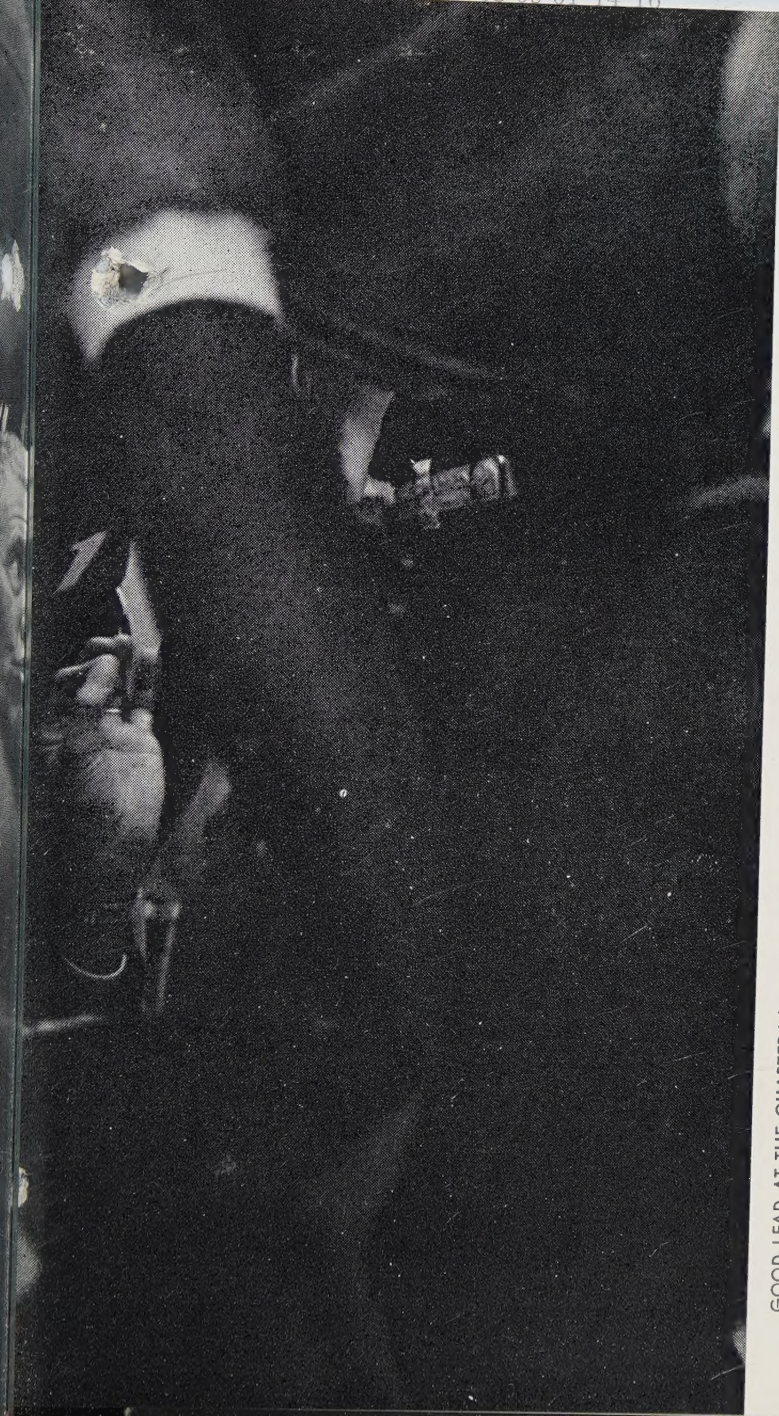
STUDY OF A TRAIN WHEEL/ by John Schafer





KEENEY





GOOD LEAD AT THE QUARTER/ by Lynn Thomas



PARDON ME/ by Lynn Thomas





FLAMINGO SHOW AT NASSAU/ by Anita Douthat







**ROBERT MASTERS, AUBURNDALE, MASS. AGE 18/** "When I write something I do it all in one sitting. But in 'To Fill The Emptiness' (pages 13-16) the first that I sat down to write it I went stale about half-way through, so I put it aside the remainder just rolled out the following night. I read a couple of books *Existential Posture* by Roger Shinn and *Tests Of A Living Church* by T. S. and put in a lot of thought as preparation for it. Used as the Youth in our church I think it was received quite well, though I feel that I remain on position just a little too strongly."



**ANN HEISLER, WATERTOWN, MASS. AGE 17/** "I have always had very deep feelings about the world and its peoples. In writing I find a way to express those things. I not only want to, but have to, share with others. 'The Door' (pages 16-17) written late one night in a moment of self realization. It was months later that I it out of a drawer for the Arts Award contest. Seeing that others probably shared thoughts, I then added the last two paragraphs to it."

**ELIZABETH ANN OLSEN, NEW RICHMOND, WIS. AGE 17/** The announcement we were planning to publish Elizabeth Ann's "How To Be Popular With Students" (pages 17-18) did not reach her in time for her to send us a photo of herself for publication in this issue. She was away from home and unavailable because of a summer vacation schedule of travel in the West.



**NANCY BAILEY, MANHASSET, N.Y. AGE 17/** "I wrote and gave 'Beetle Alley' (pages 18-20) as a sermon in the Manhasset Congregational Church P. F. for their Sunday evening service. Now I am at Ryder Memorial Hospital in Humacao, Puerto Rico doing volunteer service for six weeks. Some days I work in Central Supply making cotton balls, bandages, and swabs. Other days I work with the statistical records in a research program on birth control."



**SUSAN SWARD, CANOGA PARK, CAL. AGE 17/** "I never really did too much writing until my senior year when my interest was sparked by the wonderful teacher I for my College Prep English class. 'It isn't Enough' (pages 21-22) was written. Our teacher asked us whether we thought man was the epitome of God's creation whether we felt that something more would develop as it had in the past. I felt man was not good yet, and that perhaps something better, a more perfect creature would eventually develop from man. This is what I tried to express. I hope that understand the point I am trying to make in it."



**WADE WRIGHT, OMAHA, NEB. AGE 17/** "Every individual has beliefs and ideas he relates to his society. I have found creative writing both an outlet for these and an expression of myself as well as an enjoyable pastime. In 'The Morning' (pages 22-23) I have attempted to show the unseen pressures upon adolescents which are all ignored by the adult world. The reader may find a small undercurrent of humor the 'great' problems of the day ahead, or he may find himself lying in bed thinking the same thoughts. In any case, I feel it is a story with which every teenager identify himself, in one manner or another."

# TO FILL THE EMPTINESS

BY ROBERT MASTERS

Scripture: *Ephesians* 1:15-23; 2:1-10

"This is a world of madness—absurd, stupid. Nothing's solid. There are no values to depend on." A Lawrenceville senior was speaking. He represents a new breed of youth that is growing up today in the U. S. prep schools. He calls himself a "négo" and he is dissatisfied with the meaninglessness of today's life. He doesn't stand alone in his dissatisfaction either. An Andover student said, "I have no values because there is no basis for them. I haven't any goals because I don't have anything to aim for." And a student from the Hill School argued, "You're a fool if you think you can believe the same things everyone always has. You say you've got something inside that tells you what's right and wrong. Boy, I wish I had that thing!"\*

The négo is dissatisfied, and rightly so, with the emptiness of his life. But he doesn't stand alone. He realizes his hollowness and he makes himself heard. Each of us is in the same boat, whether we realize it or not.

Most high school students are probably buried under a myriad of college applications, secondary school transcripts, personal reference letters, Scholastic Aptitude Tests, financial statements, and, of course, the usual annoyances of English, history, physics, trigonometry, French, and psychology with their mystical code names like UICSM, PSSC, SMSG, ATA, and COMP. And what is all this for? Ask this question and a canned answer will most probably come out:

"So I can be someone."

"So I can amount to something in life."

"So I can be successful."

We seem to be concerned about the future, but what do we base our life for the future on?

When asked what the most important thing he had learned about life was, the late Robert Frost answered, "In three words I can sum up ►

\* Cummiskey, Barbara. "The Voice of Négó," *Life*, May 25, 1962.



everything I've learned about life: It goes on." Time keeps moving. Whether we prepare ourselves for tomorrow or not, it will come.

All of a sudden tomorrow looms large. The future seems to be converging on us. We need something to wake us up and set us straight walking alert. Christians must witness to their faith, for the future will not wait.

We seem to think that faith can be fully comprehended through talking. Through theories we are able to find the true faith, or at least we think so. We are afraid to get down to the practical application of faith.

We come to church with the idea that "it's what's up front that counts." If we listen carefully we will learn all that is necessary. Americans swallow the Protestant dogmas without much chewing. We accept them as is without finding out for ourselves what they really mean. Actually the church is a spiritual service station. It will give you the road map, but you have to choose which way you will go. It will show you the destination and where you are. The church will also show you the best route to take. But there are many byways and highways and the final choice is up to you. We learn about God, what the true faith is, not through theories and talking, but by going out and doing, finding out for ourselves, sacrificing ourselves. Discover the faith through action.

Action—involving the self. That's the key idea behind existentialism. I could diverge now into a long complicated discussion about existentialism, but I won't because this is what we want to avoid in our search. We have to find the answers ourselves, not borrow them from someone else. Next time you sit down to a bowl of new flavor ice cream, don't sit there contemplating it. Get a spoon and dig in. That is the only way you will find out what it tastes like. This is existentialism.

"God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son." Yes, God loved us, He still does, and He evermore will. God has shown His love for us, but how shall we show our love for Him? We should show it by showing our love for fellow man. Eric Fromm wrote that "Love is an active power in man, a power which breaks through the walls which separate man from his fellow man, which unites him with others. Love makes him overcome the sense of isolation and separate-

ness, yet it permits him to be himself." We read in the first letter of John:

"Beloved, let us love one another; for love is of God, and he who loves is born of God and knows God. He who does not have love does not know God; for God is love. In this the love of God was made manifest among us, that God sent his only Son into the world, so that we might live through him. Beloved, if God so loved us, we also ought to love one another. No man has ever seen God; if we love one another, God abides in us and his love is perfected in us."

(1 John 4:7-9, 11, 12)

Love fills our life and gives meaning to it.

A young man came running up to Jesus and knelt before him and asked him what he must do to inherit eternal life. Jesus told him to know the commandments and follow them. Then the man responded, "Teacher, all these I have observed from my youth." And Jesus looked upon him and loved him, and said to him, 'You lack one thing; go, sell what you have, and give to the poor, and you will have treasure in heaven; and come, follow me.' At that saying his countenance fell, and he went away sorrowful; for he had great possessions." (Mark 10: 20-22) There will be a toll to pay in witnessing, but the rewards are great. As Paul said to the church at Ephesus, "You, who are spiritually dead . . . Christ has given you life." (Ephesians 2:5)

The last two summers I have participated in United Church of Christ workcamps. About 75 youth each summer pay their transportation and board at various workcamps across the country. Last summer I was at Camp Mimanagish in the Rocky Mountains in Montana. Fifteen high school students were there from all over the country. Our main project was to build a 63 by 20 foot shower house for the conference center there. We worked together and we worked hard, six to seven hours a day, five and a half days a week. We ate together; we laughed together; we played together. We prayed together. We each left with our lives enriched. There was a certain spirit and we were part of it and we left with it.

When I tell someone about workcamp, usually their first reaction is: "You pay to work! That isn't fair! You're crazy!" But they are missing the most important aspect of workcamp. It is youth witnessing to their faith. It is youth finding meaning to life. ►



We do not take full advantage of all the opportunities open to us. Christ has no hands but our hands to do his work today. There are so many avenues open to us, but there are so few roads we travel over. Let's try to vary our route.

We must witness to our faith to fully discover God's love for us.

We need love "to fill the emptiness."

We need love to live.

## THE DOOR

BY ANN HEISLER

There's a door to my room. I keep it locked. It's safer that way. Whenever I don't want to see or hear or think, I hide behind my door. But even as this door hides me, it traps me. Sometimes I pray that it will wake up in the morning and that door will be gone. Yet, I, myself, can't open it. It leaves me bare, too bare. I am exposed like a guilty man.

There's a door to my heart. The bolt is strong. Every time that someone has laughed at me that bolt has grown stronger. Everyone whom I have trusted, who has failed me, has added to its bonds. Sometimes it gets so powerful that even I can't open it. There's a door to my heart of fear, fear of loving my fellow man. It's too dangerous. It shows too much of the real me to the world. "Someone set me free!" I cry to the world in my silent voice. No one hears. "Help!" No one answers.

One day, in a crisis of grief, I ran to my refuge. I gripped the knob hard, ready to deal the slamming blow . . . and paused. I walked across the room, sat down, and waited for the deluge. My mother soon burst in screaming at me for my supposed crime. That something inside me flared. But I squelched it. Only one tear rolled down my determined face. My father taunted me for "crying." At 15 you're not supposed to cry. Throwing a paper airplane at my head, my brother cheerfully added his bit of scorching comment. When all were gone, I got up and closed the door.



When I was very young I vowed I'd marry no man. It meant giving up a part of your career, your life, yourself. I'd have none of it. I built my fences very high. I was careful not to get involved. I was careful, so careful not to be a Christian. One day I met someone who needed me. There was no one else. Exactly what made me change I'll never know. I gave freely the one thing I had guarded most closely . . . friendship, love. At the age of 15 I became a person, perhaps for the first time. The warmest of relationships I'd ever known began to grow. Then the calamity; my bridges fell down; unexpectedly my friend was gone. In desperation I frantically retreated once more behind the safe respite of my door.

I have tasted freedom. I have known reality. The door has a crack. I am fighting for what I see through the crevice. The world needs me. My only enemy is fear itself. I will be free. I cry to all the plea for help. Let's tear down the earth's doors of prejudice and hate; the earth's one door of fear.

## HOW TO BE POPULAR WITH STUDENTS

---

*BY ELIZABETH ANN OLSEN*

During my 11 years as a student I have had ample opportunity to observe what goes on in the front of the classroom.

One of the best ways to be popular with students is to be inconsistent. State one thing on Monday and contradict yourself on Friday, or before, if possible. For heaven's sake don't admit you're wrong. Someone might get the idea you're dumb.

Always go by the book. Never let the student think. It says "this" and "that" right in the book in black and white so that's the right answer.

If you're a woman talk in your highest, dripping, honey sweet voice for 55 minutes, and don't forget to say "please be quiet," or some other favorite phrase, about every three minutes.

To be extremely popular come unprepared to class. If someone asks you a question you should know, tell them you'll give them the answer



tomorrow. Or if it's a question you don't know the answer to say, "Oh, that is an interesting question, what would the answer be, Paul?" Make assignments complicated when they could be simple. Students are fascinated by puzzles. Also give the assignment just as the bell rings and half of the students have left the room.

When you give lectures talk in the same, monotonous voice all the hour, and don't give the lecture in good note-taking order, just skip around. Never, never write anything on the blackboard either. Our generation is so smart that we can spell everything.

If you're the type of teacher who has to pick on someone, pick on the students that aren't the smartest in the class. They enjoy getting all that attention.

To look your best through that strenuous day of school you may need to straighten your tie and pull up your socks occasionally. Your belt probably needs hitching up, too. If you need a refresher just keep a pack of gum handy.

The final step to being the most popular teacher is to head for the nearest coffee pot or group of teachers the minute the bell sounds. If students have questions, they should have asked them in class.

Have a good coffee break, you need it.

## BEETLE ALLEGORY

BY NANCY BAILEY

Scripture: *Romans 12:1-10*

Let Us Pray:

Lord, I read in a book that a man called Christ went about doing good. It is very disconcerting to me that I am satisfied with just going about . . . . . Amen.

The little boy who lives next door torments beetles. That's why he likes summer so much. There are lots of crawling creatures in the summer. This little boy, I mean the one I was telling you about, al-

ways has enjoyed making insects suffer. He likes to see them squirm. Beetles are a fairly new fascination, however. Beetles have a protective shell, similar to a finger nail perhaps, only thinner. It takes a lot of torturing to make a beetle squirm, but once that nail-like shell is broken the thing really suffers. It squirms a lot. At first it fights back. Then it dies.

Then the little boy looks through the grass for another beetle. A funny thing that I noticed about this little kid is that he always looks for beetles in the grass. Never four leaf clovers or anything—just beetles. It kind of bothers me now that I never told him not to torment those beetles. I never mentioned to him that he ought to look for four leaf clovers instead. Of course, four leaf clovers are quite a challenge to find and all. But I never mentioned that he might look for them. And that's what bothers me. I guess I just figured it was his summer afternoon and if he wanted to torment those poor old beetles I'd just "live and let live." That's a very easy philosophy to adopt. It's a pretty good one, too. Who am I to change things anyway? I'll look after myself. I'll just "live and let live." It's not hard to do. "Live and let live"—Easy.

There are an awful lot of unpleasant experiences you can avoid if you just "live and let live." A few years ago there were several really odd kids I knew. Some kids are really strange when they are growing up. When we were 12 or 13 the object was to pick out the strangest kid and see if he'd react to a little taunting. It's usually friendly taunting—I mean no one ever means to be unkind or really hurt anybody—but the taunted kid doesn't know that, and that's what makes it fun. Sometimes we guys would find a kid—one who wore glasses or green socks (of course *no one* wore green socks) or one who was taller or shorter than everybody else, and then we'd pick on him. We never really knew why, except that it made us feel very superior when he suffered.

If a kid was handicapped then there was real reason to torment him. There was one boy I can remember who didn't have an index finger on his left hand. He always wore a bandage or a glove or something—but we all knew about it. So we'd ask him to show us. But he never would. Sometimes we'd ask him if he were going to be a concert pianist. Everybody thought we were really humorous then, and we got credit for our cleverness. There's nothing as rewarding as followers. Just everybody would start asking him when he was going to give his first concert and who his favorite composer was. It was really funny. But of course he knew we never meant anything. He'd just tell us to go away



—and we would after a while—or else he'd go crying home to his mother. That was pretty funny, too.

I can see now that maybe I should have said something—either to that boy with his index finger missing or else I should have said something to all the kids who were teasing him. I mean maybe he didn't really understand that it was all in harmless good fun. But then I was afraid—for myself—although I don't like to admit it. Defending that kid would have been an open invitation to persecution. Then the others would have found something strange or different about me. I would have been picked on. No, "live and let live" is much easier, much wiser. But it still bothers me a little that I never said anything.

Now it doesn't bother me too much though. I've learned to kind of tolerate people for what they are. I'm a little different from everybody else and people kind of leave me alone and let me be that way. That's kind of good. As long as we all tolerate each other and let each one go his own way then all those things that we did when we were younger don't really make much difference. After all, we've really changed since then. Now when we want to be critical of another kid we don't just run up to him and yell "you're queer and I hate you" and steal his hat or something—so he'll cry. Now we hold very private gatherings and talk about people so they'll never know. That's kind of good. I mean it's much easier not to tell people to their face that we need to feel superior to them. Why didn't we realize that sooner?

Dislike is much more subdued and organized now that we're older. Why it's even democratic! I've heard of groups that vote on whom they will exclude and persecute. I think that's a good idea. Then everybody agrees and it's all fair and square and everything. Another thing that's good about voting is that the out guy never knows how many enemies he really has. It's easier to stand being left out when you don't know for sure that *everyone* is against you. "Live and let live" works pretty well as a philosophy doesn't it? Just as long as everyone kind of tolerates everyone else, that's the most important thing—tolerate— isn't it? Is there anything we can really do about things? "Live and let live," isn't that the answer?

### Let Us Pray:

God, we recognize that without Thee we can accomplish little. Give us strength that we might accomplish much. Hear us in silent prayer as we ask that *love* may transform our lives. Amen.

# IT ISN'T ENOUGH

BY SUSAN SWARD

"I am God, but it isn't enough."

God is love. So what? So substance, so form.

"But it isn't enough."

So one cell, two cells.

"Hello?"

It oozed.

He was pleased. He loved it. He longed over it. It oozed; it multiplied.

"But it isn't enough."

Then the loving and the longing spilled over and splashed about them; they wiggled.

"Hello?"

Some of them swam away. He was pleased. He loved these creatures, but still he longed. They swam, they multiplied, they changed. Some of them grew fins, some gills, and a few, lungs.

"But it isn't enough."

God's love burned and dried a portion of the water, leaving only mud. Slowly, he coaxed some of these creatures out of the mire. One of them survived.

"Hello?"

The creature waddled unsteadily. But there was something different about this creature. In the front portion of its body were two thin-walled bubbles, a brain. God loved the creature, provided for it, and it lived. Soon it became many. Still God longed.

"But it isn't enough."

God's tender love overflowed and touched these creatures. Now they could smell, or taste, or see, or hear, or feel. God loved them, longed over them, cared for them. They multiplied. Some grew two legs, some four, some had fur, some feathers, some flew, some hopped, and some simply walked. In some of the creatures the bubbles enlarged.

"Hello?"

A pair of ears pricked up. A head cocked. A nose twitched. God was pleased. He loved all that he had made; he cared for everything; he did not destroy it.

"But it isn't enough."

God thought and thought. This time, slowly, thoughtfully, God's



love descended to the living creatures. This time a few of the creatures began to reason, to think, to speak.

"Hello?"

"Hello?"

"Hello?"

Communication! This new being learned to love God, to talk with him. Now God was extremely pleased! He now had something that could love too. He poured out his love to all his creatures. They loved, thrived, multiplied! But even this new creature could not love as strongly, as fiercely as God.

"It isn't enough."

God loved abundantly, and from this abundance he sent a being of love to teach these new creatures, to show them how to love. Some of the creatures learned; some did not. The new creatures multiplied. Each generation became more intelligent. Some learned to love; some did not; some forgot.

"Hello?"

"I haven't time today, God."

"Hello?"

"Maybe some other time."

"Hello? Hello? Hello. . . . ."

"It isn't enough!"

## THE MORNING

*BY WADE WRIGHT*

He thought someone was singing to him. This time of the morning? He rolled over and looked at the clock. Two minutes after seven. The radio-alarm had turned on again. He reached for the button to shut off the buzzer, but let the radio continue its flow of music.

"Don't need to get up until 7:15," he said half aloud. The alarm always woke him earlier than necessary, but he needed the extra time to become completely alert.

He waited for half a minute, enjoying the pleasant, drowsy sensation of last minute sleep when there are no worries or cares, and then he began to wake. His head cleared, and thoughts began to drift into his head.

". . . Tuesday." The happenings of the day ahead began to take

shape in his mind. "Two tests today and an essay due Friday." He was waking up faster than he wanted to.

He quickly reviewed himself on the material covered in the economics course. Yes, he knew that well enough. But he had spent too much time studying it; the history book had only been open for a short time.

History! Now there was a word . . . and a course. He might as well not have a teacher in that class. The material was read from the book, and the tests! They were a parody of education. To receive full credit, the answers must be worded almost exactly as they were found in the text. That didn't teach anything, it only improved the student's ability to memorize. What good were a collection of dates and figures anyway?

The anger and disgust made him suddenly tired. Yes, he shouldn't have stayed up so late last night. He always needed at least seven and a half hours of sleep. How would he get by on six? He made a mental note to get in an hour or two of rest before dinner.

He looked at the clock again, it was getting late. His father would probably call him pretty soon.

His thoughts returned to the tests, and he was filled with an inspired wish to get sick. The idea of a day at home in bed, sleeping, was almost overwhelming, but he dismissed it. It never worked; he had tried it once, but it was better to go.

His thoughts turned to other things. He suddenly remembered the program. The Club meeting was next week, and his program chairman was not dependable. As president, he would either have to get some one else to arrange for a speaker, or do it himself. Better do it personally this time and be sure it was done. That meant calling around to get ideas, inviting a speaker, and then arranging for transportation if necessary. I'd better check with the sponsor to clear the—

"Tom, are you up?" It was his father.

"Morning," he called back. He reflected that it really wasn't so good. But at least he still had five minutes before he had to get up.

He tried to think of something nice to make the day a little bit brighter, but drew a blank. Was it fair to be this burdened at seventeen? Maybe he took everything too seriously. But there was so much pressure to succeed. Get good grades; be in activities; and for what? "The colleges look at the record," his mother always said. "It's important." And after college what? A job, probably get married. In ten years what difference would it make? He checked the clock once more; it was time to get started. He struggled to a sitting position and then, with a supreme effort, he pulled himself from the bed and into the day.





**JANET STOGSDILL, FULLERTON, CAL. AGE 17/** "Sculpture is interesting to me because it is three dimensional. Also, I find it to be creative because there is no end to the things that can be done with it. Found or junk sculpture, which is the creation of an abstract sculpture out of pieces of metal and other odds and ends, is especially creative because once the work is finished it is one of a kind. My sculpture (page 25, top) is now entered in the Laguna Art Festival."



**KAREN STROM, DES PLAINES, ILL. AGE 18/** "I wanted the 'Iron Horse' (page 24, bottom) to portray the strength and alertness of a young horse. I hoped to do this through elongation and exaggeration of the entire body (exceptionally stiff, long legs, an extended neck, and an exaggerated, arched tail). The frame of the sculpture is composed of solder-coated wire. I purposely chose wire and metal because of its connotation of strength. To the frame, with a blowtorch, I attached pieces of metal junk: nuts, bolts, rivets, and washers. Then I built up lumps of solder, for bulk, by dripping it layer on layer over the frame."



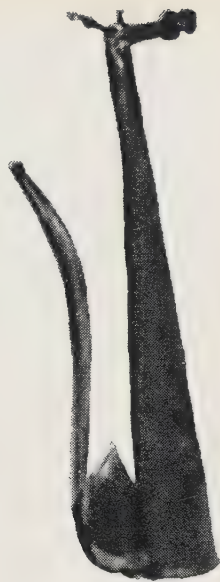
**ANN HAWBLITZ, LITTLE MEADOWS, PA. AGE 19/** "I find that clay is a good medium for expressing thoughts or feelings and I feel that sculpture is one of the most effective methods of creativity. I enjoy experimenting in all forms of art such as oil and water painting, but find that sculpture (A Child's Refuge, page 26, top) is the most satisfying when I have an idea I want to express."



**LAURENA SELTZER, KUTZTOWN, PA. AGE 18/** "The 'Madonna' (page 26, bottom) is my first attempt in sculpture. As a matter of fact it is my first attempt in ceramics. It was very hard to photograph because of the extremely high gloss of the crackle glaze. When I took it to my college interview I pointed out to the director of art education the vertical crack in her neck (due to shrinkage). I had tried to fill it with glaze but couldn't cover it. He smiled and said, 'That shows you made it. This I consider to be creating.'"



**SUSAN HINGISS, KIEL, WIS. AGED 17/** "I became interested in sculpture when I read *The Agony and the Ecstasy* by Irving Stone. Right after I finished the book our art class started working on sculpture, so I tried to put some of the theories to work in my sculpture (Adam, page 27). For example, the book mentions working around flaws and incorporating them into the piece. I tried to do this with a knot in the wood which I placed under his nose and on his lips to make the grain of the wood swing around. The finish is all hand done, first with linseed oil and then a walnut stain which was rubbed partly off before it was dry."



NO TITLE/ junk sculpture/ by Janet Stogsdill

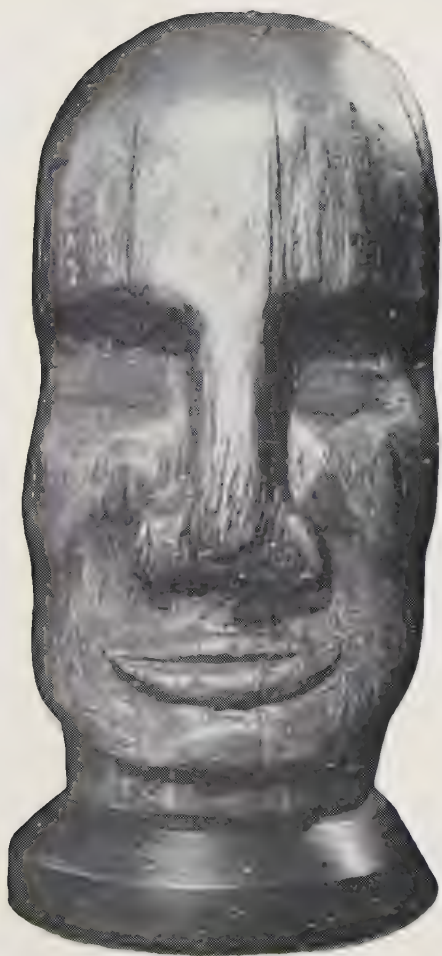




A CHILD'S REFUGE/ceramic with glaze/ by Ann Hawblitz



ADONNA/ceramic with crackle glaze/ by Laurena Seltzer



ADAM/wood carving/ by Susan Hingiss





**NANCY BAILEY, MANHASSET, N.Y. AGE 17/** "I think that the biggest factor in my very creative senior year was my advanced English course under the inspiring teacher, Mrs. Katherin Elliott, in Manhasset High School. As I remember, I wrote 'Spring Sketches' (page 30) one day when I became inspired as I walked behind some small children coming home from school. I am a senior member of the Pilgrimage Club at Manhasset Congregational Church."



**NANCY PHILBROOK, SEATTLE, WASH. AGE 18/** "Out of a real helplessness to help come 'The Fakers' (page 31). It hurts to see the talents of youth wasted in an effort to conform in the pursuit of goals which are in themselves of little value. Out of a personal conviction that life can be beautiful and real, came an expression of concern for people everywhere who are afraid to face their own reality, identity and potential. I know that I am not the first to have experienced such feelings but I also felt that if I was one who could express it as well as know it that this became my duty and privilege."



**CHARLES SCHEEF, ST. LOUIS, MO. AGE 18/** "I have been interested in creative writing for the last four years, and have written mostly poetry for the last three. My poetry (Let Me Tell You pages 32-33) has been influenced by P. B. Shelley, John Keats, Dylan Thomas, and Kenneth Patchen. I have had poems published in the newspaper of the Heidelberg American High School, Heidelberg, Germany, the literary magazine of Webster Groves High School, Webster Groves, Mo., the poetry magazine *New Athenaeum*, the anthology *Poetry Parade, A Treasury of Contemporary Poems*, and in 1961 won Special Mention in the National High School Poetry Contest."



**KAY ANNE ROBERTSON, BOONVILLE, IND. AGE 17/** "In poetry I feel able to say things that I could not say in ordinary conversation even to my best friends. For instance I cannot say, 'I think people are making a mess of the world,' because I could do no better. Instead, I can write a poem. 'Harm' (page 34) may tell you that I do not care for being ridiculed. In it I am striking back at my tormentors (kids can be terribly cruel, you know) through poetry. I believe that a person must give of himself to express himself. To me, self expression is vital. I want others to see why I am, and what I feel, and why I act the way I do."



**LARRY BILLET, PARRIS ISLAND, S. C. AGE 19/** "This creative writing style was one of several I developed in my College English class the last year of high school. The purpose of the poem ('Hell,' page 35) is to try to express, in as few words as possible, an entire impression. The poem originated through a discussion. Two friends and myself, before I enlisted in the service, used to get together often just to discuss ideas and immediate topics of interest. This informal circle was the birthplace of many central themes, one of which was hell."



**CONNIE CROOKER, RUTLAND, MASS. AGE 16/** "Actually I must admit that I don't really enjoy most poetry. I do hope that I may grow to enjoy it, for I'm sure it has much to offer, but at the present I find much of it too obscure to be of any value to me personally. I only enjoy poetry which I find easily readable, such as that of Frost, Sandburg, and Ogden Nash. It seems strange then, that I enjoy writing (The Woman, page 36), but I do. I enjoy it because often the result surprises me. I sometimes have the experience of having pieces run away with me and write themselves. It is an exciting feeling."



**CHIP KINSEY, MASON CITY, IOWA. AGE 18/** Author of "Spring" (page 37), Chip is active at First Congregational Church in Mason City where he is PF prexy. This summer he and his youth minister are traveling in the British Isles and Europe. This fall Chip enters Grinnell College in Iowa.



**GENORA SMALL, PORT WASHINGTON, N. Y. AGE 17/** "One of the most important aspects of poetry is that it can be not only a creative means of expression for the poet, but also a creative means of exploration for the reader. The poet expresses himself through the rhythm, tone, and sense of words; the reader explores the sensitivity, the beauty, and the meaning behind the expression. A truly poetical experience can evolve between the two. The knowledge of this experience has made writing 'The Resurrection' (page 38) most meaningful and important to me."



**ROGER PAUL MARTIN, ST. LOUIS, MO. AGE 16/** "' At The Crossroads' (page 39) began as prose. I felt, after having written it in this manner, that it had a certain rhythm, so I rewrote it in stanza form. I enjoy writing prose a good deal more than poetry. In order to give some of the better pieces greater impact, however, I translate them into poetry. I wrote this poem at a time when I was depressed and more than a little disgusted with the inhumanity and quarreling of mankind. I hope you do not find it 'pleasant reading' because if you do, you have missed the point."



**DEBORAH CARTER, EAST BRIDGEWATER, MASS. AGE 16/** "I write poetry often just to release frustrations that I'd rather not go up to someone and talk about for fear that they'd think I was some kind of a nut. After about twenty hours of struggle and one hundred sheets of scratched pages, I have a six-lined verse that says exactly what I want it to say and even has a little rhythm. 'Man—I am youth' (pages 40-41) was written because I am afraid of having my life taken away from me and having absolutely nothing to say about it. I asked the world to listen to what young people like me have to say about a rather politically messed up world."



**MARILYN EPPLE, BLOOMINGTON, ILL. AGE 18/** "Poetry gives me an opportunity to become more aware of the beauty of God's world. I sincerely hope that someone somewhere might receive a little insight from reading my poem 'The Tear' (page 41). Tears are shed for various reasons . . . it is very human to cry. Yet, too often we forget that Christ was human. Certainly He must have cried, for He suffered great pain and sorrow. From the depths of sorrow and pain comes any first tear . . . followed by scores of others. The only difference? Christ cried for us."

# SPRING SKETCHES

BY NANCY BAILEY

## I. Snow sherbet t

r  
i  
c  
k  
l  
e  
s

to perculator storm sewer.

Billed Dimaggio caps turn to  
damp coffee ground diamond.  
Shriek of "First base goes here!"

## II. Child pauses, finger-painting in fist.

Drop of water kisses naked branch and f

a  
l  
l

s on running nose.

Fawn's lashes blinking surprise.  
"Even the sky is melting," she smiles.

## III. Galoshes make swashes

and  
swooshes  
and  
splash !

Squat to swirl stick in the puddle.



# THE FAKERS

---

BY NANCY PHILBROOK

A false front and smothered self, a posing and pretension.  
Desperate strife towards meaningless goals, as the  
Fakers seek out

pomp  
prestige  
popularity.

Meaningless, banal, trite existence for a faker who imitates,  
Copies and mimics. The fear of speaking up or crying out  
As ideals and dreams are crushed, thrown out. Creativity  
Concealed, real ideas smothered, as the fakers look towards  
Only these three,

pomp  
prestige  
popularity.

What makes sense in a chaotic world, What has meaning,  
consequence?  
What of Love, Humility—what of Honor, Beauty and these?  
Does he fake out himself or all mankind, does he end up a winner?  
This one who cares for

pomp  
prestige  
popularity.

Let me tell ya,  
I'm tired,  
'cause this whole race is moving too fast.  
The starting gate was opened long ago,  
but there is foul play and madness  
out on that track,  
so I want to sit down and talk it  
over a while before I start.  
It seems that I'm stuck in a self-imposed  
quagmire of doubt.

Let me tell ya  
that the antiquated bridges of time have collapsed—  
but they've been replaced by bright,  
noisy tunnels (with a 25c toll).  
And skyscrapers now dwarf the little red schoolhouse  
and the ol' general store,  
but I wonder how much higher  
they can go.


Let me tell ya,  
what I want is a peace conference that really means PEACE.  
I'd like some home-made bread for a change.  
I'm not too sure about Dave Brubeck—  
what ever happened to Dixieland?  
Gee, I wonder if the next world is equipped  
with Armstrong Cushion-Tone soundproofing.

Let me tell ya  
that the universe ain't what she used to be—  
(Lindbergh and Glenn are strange brothers of the air).  
What is the gold out amidst the stars, anyway?

L YA!

---

*SCHIEF*

I don't know, but the rush is on!  
But  thinks it's only fool's gold  
up in them thar hills.

Let me tell ya,  
the TV antennas of life  
are rusted, and reception is poor.  
Above the dark clouds fly many white doves,  
but who ever sees them?

Let me tell ya  
that the hourglass has a leak,  
and the precious sands  
of time are being lost.  
The cross on the hill has been torn down  
to make room for a housing project.

Let me tell ya,  
the ancient torchbearer  
has tripped and fallen in the mud,  
and mad throngs of autograph seekers  
have trampled him  
and smothered the flame.

Let me tell ya,  
though, that someday the sun is gonna shine hard  
all over one world  
with rays of pure golden honey,  
and if the rains do come, they won't be radioactive.  
And I am sure that someday soon,  
WONDER will be more than just a bread.



## HARM

---

*BY KAY ANNE ROBERTSON*

They laugh,  
And they think they do no  
Harm,  
Yet the  
Harm  
Is rooted very very deep  
In my heart.

I cannot forget  
Harm.

I need their approval  
Desperately,  
Yet they withhold it  
As they would hold a toy  
From a child  
to hear it cry.

They shall not hear me  
Cry.

I will not  
Cry.  
And my heart cries.

BY LARRY BILLET

Cluttered store isles bumpy with  
bubble gum wads  
Attract healthy denizens of better berth  
To chance existence.

# THE WOMAN

---

BY *CONNIE CROOKER*

It was dark now and a strange silence filled the hospital, broken only by an occasional night nurse rolling a cart of clanging utensils through the dim hallway. A soft glow from a night light fell upon the tired face of the old woman in the bed across the room. She was still sitting up, and her eyes were open, but her gaze was far away. She clutched a small Bible in her gray, bony hands, and her lips trembled slightly with her prayer. There was a little pink rosebud in her frizzy white hair; a pitiful little rosebud which was brown around the edges. The little old man had brought it to her that afternoon, and she had shed a teardrop. But now the Bible dropped from her hands and her head fell back against the pillow. Soon a nurse came and rolled her bed out.



# SPRING

---

*BY CHIP KINSEY*

Two ducks swimming together in a pond  
Two birds high above in the trees  
Two friends walking home from school  
A boy and a girl  
Holding hands at the bank of a river.

Always two  
Always together  
Never fearing  
Never crying  
Always laughing  
Always playing  
Always together  
Always two.

# THE RESURRECTION

BY GENORA SMALL

Nothingness, darkness  
    vacuum of despair;  
wailing, moaning, crying—  
    everywhere;  
red and bloodshot orb of dust  
    seeking, wandering hate and lust  
    for that which caused  
    the eternal cleft:  
    nothingness, darkness, emptiness;  
But through the empty gulf, a steady throbbing;  
    through the eons of time eternal; through the  
    vacuum of empty  
    space;  
through all and into all; and with all:  
    an unknown pulse  
    beats, beats, beats;  
over and over;  
day after day;  
in past and in  
    present—and now,  
    Forever:  
    beats, beats, beats:  
throbbing, aching, eternal  
    Heart of the Universe:  
Surging now through the inky gulf,  
Surging over seas of time,  
Surging through the dust and darkness—  
    through nothingness—  
Something—  
    Cry! Agony! PASSION!  
And then,  
And now,  
And always:  
    the  
    VICTORY.

# AT THE CROSSROADS

BY ROGER PAUL MARTIN

West plains swept out before the eye in all directions  
to infinity.

Plains covered with dust—dry dust that blinds,  
being blown by the winds of time.

Four roads meet—  
This is the crossroads.

Stand—look out in space in four directions . . .

Stand—look out in space . . .

Repeated thousands of times—

Searching the sky for doves of peace carrying olive branches.

Finally, on the horizon—four tiny specks,  
black specks without form or sex,  
moving—moving closer to the crossroads.

Each day the sun rises and sinks in its pattern.

The dots are men—God's flaw.

They move ever closer—proud—proud of their flaws.

And they meet.

Four worlds sit down to talk—

A white one, an unwhite one (to the white world there is  
no color but white—merely degrees of unwhiteness),

A yellow one,

And one made of all colors.

And on that arid plain there mixes with the sounds of the  
blood-seeking wind

The sounds of men's voices singing out their hates.

And the worlds get up and march back down their roads.

Maybe next time . . .

And the spots become formless and sexless again,

And the wind blows.

It carries the sounds of a weeping God and a not yet  
uncrucified Christ.

Maybe next time . . .



# MAN—I AM YOUTH

BY DEBORAH CARTER

i am a new society.  
trampled  
degraded  
my ideas are called cute childish whims.  
i am youth, man.

i am an intelligent society.  
i have insight,  
i have imagination.  
my mind is not warped from the trials of life.  
i am youth, man.

i am a fearful society.  
i can not walk alone at night.  
i fear sleep  
from which i may not awaken because of a late  
and widespread fad—nuclear bombs  
i am youth, man.

i am a jubilant society.  
i leap,  
i hopefully grasp a star.  
i laugh, i dance, i sing and joy is my light.  
i am youth, man.

i am an ever changing society.  
unmolded in my ways—  
i am like clay.  
i cling to new ideas and the world and its  
ever present influence is my maker.  
i am youth, man.

i am a searching society.  
lost.

i need a place.  
and in my despair and confusion i cry  
    "Help me!"  
i am youth, man.  
    Man! I am youth!

## THE TEAR

---

*BY MARILYN EPPLÉ*

The tear upon the baby's cheek  
    Is but a whimper of the weak.  
The tear within the soldier's eye  
    Reflects his fear—he soon may die.  
The tear upon the lover's lash  
    Shows kindled heart turned now to ash.  
The tear rolls down the widow's face,  
    But she must walk her "petty pace."

The tear of Christ relieved all four:  
    The weak,  
        afraid,  
            unloved,  
                bereaved. . .  
                    and more,  
                    and more.



**CAROL ROBINSON, COLUMBUS, OHIO. AGE 16/** "Art work to me is primarily experience. It is the act of doing which has significance and importance. The outcome of this experience (Autumn Flowers, page 44) may be rewarding or not, but whether it is true makes relatively little difference. I am especially concerned with the creative experience in interpersonal relationships. This type of experience is, however, almost impossible to express and is very personal."



**KRIS ATKINSON, NEW KENSINGTON, PA. AGE 13/** "I first became interested in art at the very early age of two, as my parents kept me well supplied with the necessary materials. Art work is creative to me because it is my idea of how drawings and paintings should be. Two of my entries were religious paintings, and I felt the clown (page 45, top) was humorous, so I sent them in. I also liked the winter scene because the painting was a scene near my home, and another of my favorites is the pheasant because of the outdoor feeling."



**STEVE COPE, SILVER SPRING, MD. AGE 15/** "This entry (Clown, page 45, bottom) developed from a few lines employing a French curve, adding more and more basic tangent lines to give it form, shading to give it contrast and some depth, and the circle to add to the clown theme. The final step was to reproduce it on a copying machine, changing the work to its present white on black appearance. This last step enhanced the abstract feeling, transforming him from a simply jovial fool to a melancholy man wearing a mask. Thus, he seems typical of people in our demanding society who develop a mask and hide their real selves."



**LEAH GURRIE, CHICAGO, ILL. AGE 16/** "I first became interested in abstract art through an article featuring Margaret Rigg in YOUTH Magazine. This particular picture ('He Was A Flop At 33,' page 46) almost drew itself. It started out as a wax color 'drudle.' The lines seemed to suggest a cross and I slowly worked out a figure of Christ trudging to Calvary. On my desk I had a double sheet of wax paper between which I had melted some crayola shavings as an earlier experiment with colors. I liked the paper over the sketch and liked the effect so much that I glued the sheets together. The name for my entry came from the satirical musical 'For Heaven's Sake.'"



**KATHY ANNER, BUFFALO, N.Y. AGE 16/** "'Summer Sky' (pages 46-47) was done last year in a summer school water color class. It is supposed to represent the wonder of nature—that such a thing as sightless, tasteless, odorless air can be made into something as beautiful and with as many moods as the sky. Truly this is a work of an omnipotent God, and a piece of his omnipresent being."



**MARY RANCK, NEW PROVIDENCE, PA. AGE 14/** "I have always liked to draw and have tried to create a landscape (Serenity, page 47) which is pleasing to the eye. In order to do this I'm sure the picture will have to touch the emotions of the viewer. Of course, my entry will most likely have a different meaning for each person. This scene is quite familiar to me for it meets my eye while I am standing in my backyard; but someone else it would take on a different meaning. This shows that art work can be much thought and creativity, both by the artist and the viewer."





**NANCI WINGENROTH, EPHRATA, PA. AGE 14/** "Art is extremely creative simply because one can express his inner feelings. These feelings sometimes stay hidden until one attempts art. Individualism fits nicely into this picture. One can express exactly how he feels and not be a conformist if he thinks differently. To me, my entry (Hangout, page 48) is special because it expresses my ideas and my impressions. Secondly, I think that it seems unusual."



**SUSAN DUE, ST. LOUIS, MO. AGE 18/** "Art has always been a hobby of mine. I attended the art appreciation classes offered at our City Art Museum for several years. Now I am attending art seminars every Saturday. I am now considering the field of art therapy, which is a specialized field of occupational therapy. It may be of interest to know that I painted the picture of Jesus In Agony (page 49, top) without previous sketching, but directly with the brush. I tried to express an emotion—one of intense agony and suffering."



**JUDY BELZ, AFTON, MINN. AGE 19/** "I became interested in art only a few years ago and found it so satisfying that I intend to major in art at Hamline University where I will be a sophomore this fall. After I graduate I would like to illustrate for churches and materials related to church work. The entry was our family Christmas card for 1962 (page 49, bottom). The verse, chosen from *Ideals Magazine*, was inside the card and the design was on the front with an offset gold background."



**JOSEPH SAUDER, WAYNESBORO, PA. AGE 16/** "What I find to be creative about my work (Solar Glow, page 50, top) is that I do it myself; nobody else can duplicate it without first seeing it. I want to be told the bare facts. Therefore, the onlooker is not confused by some background which may or may not have anything to do with the work. If a person wished to look at the work he may or may not get anything out of it. I am interested in space exploration. That is why I chose to draw this picture."



**MARY SAROSI, FLUSHING, N.Y. AGE 17/** "The linoleum block in which my entry (Mirage, page 50, bottom) was done is one of my favorite media. It is rather dramatic, and, although artists have used it for centuries, it is easily adapted to modern techniques. In the representation, the pump is standing defying the heat and power of the sun, but it is only owing to the life-giving water of the well underneath. This water cannot be seen on the surface, but without it the pump would not be able to exist."



**JON RILEY, WILLIAMSTON, S.C. AGE 18/** "The various forms of the arts have always been man's channel for creativity. To create is to live *more*. To me, the world of modern jazz is special. These artists have something to say and are saying it. Modern jazz (pages 50-51) is like sound paintings—all very abstract. The Negro "singer" (page 52) has something to say because he is a Negro, perhaps. Anyway, he swings. This is why I like to expound, via art, on these people."



AUTUMN FLOWERS/impasto oil painting/ by Carol Robinson



NO TITLE/oil painting/ by Kris Atkinson



CLOWN/copy machine print/ by Steve Cope



HE WAS A FLOP AT 33/ink drawing with overlay/ by Leah Gurrie







SUMMER SKY/watercolor painting/ by Kathy Anner



HANGOUT/watercolor painting/ by Nanc Wingenroth



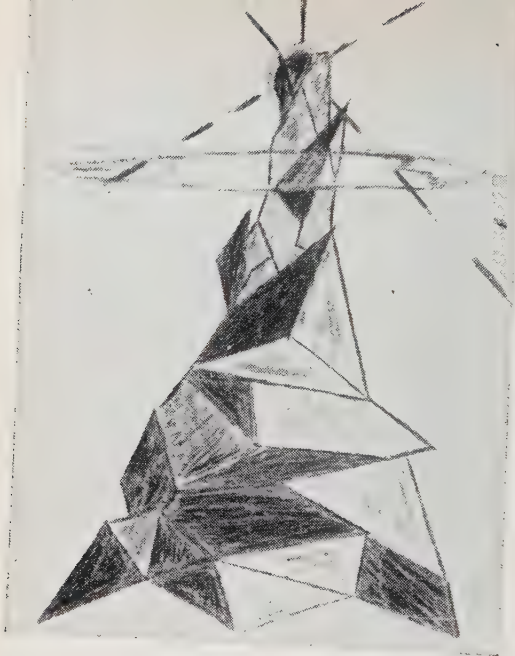
JESUS IN AGONY/ink and watercolor drawing/ by Susan Due



CHRISTMAS CARD/linoleum block print/ by Judy Belz



Before another  
Christmas dawns,  
God grant  
We earn the peace  
Those ageless  
Stars foretell



SOLAR GLOW/colored pencil drawing/ by Joseph Sauder

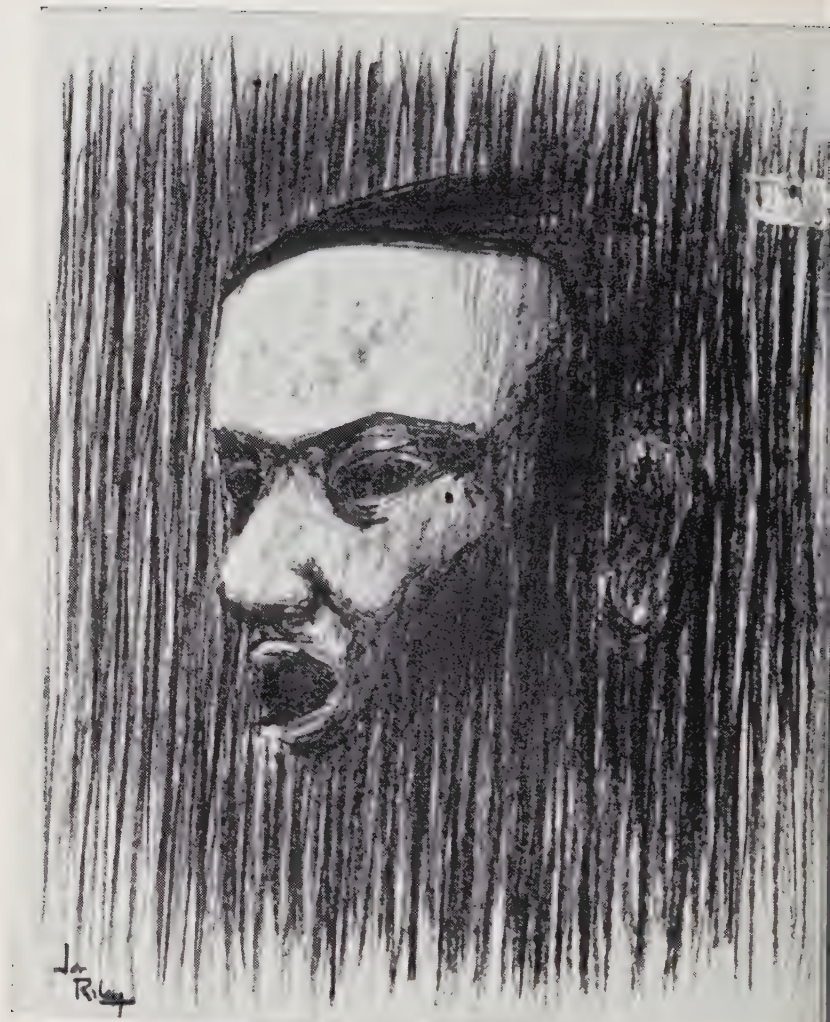
MIRAGE/linoleum block print/ by Mary Sarosi







JAZZ DREAM/pen and ink drawing/ by Jon Riley



JAZZ SINGER/colored pencil/ by Jon Riley



**MARK RIESENBERGER, BELLEVILLE, ILL. AGE 18/** "As a graduating senior I tried to put into words in 'Fly Or Fall' (pages 54-56) some of my feelings on the prospect of being cast into this world as unprepared as the venerable 'babe in the woods,' devoid of experience and ability. I only wish I could have come up with some solutions to my problems. I suppose the ideal thing would be to come back in ten years just to see what, if anything, I have accomplished. In anticipation of this, here then is the first installment for posterity."



**GRETCHEN DORRINGTON, WESTFIELD, MASS. AGE 16/** "I enjoy probing the field of creative writing as a means of expressing my hopes, fears, and aspirations for the future. I try to write stories that appear outwardly whimsical, but on closer scrutiny have a definite serious undercurrent that expresses, somewhat, a deficiency in our modern world. In 'Hedwig's Ticket' (pages 56-58) the moral is a strong, unpretentious faith."



**PATTY ROLAND, BAKERSFIELD, CAL. AGE 15/** "The idea for 'Just Suppose' (pages 58-59) has been festering in my brain for sometime. I can well remember when the idea first came to me. I was about 12 at the time and I didn't feel I could do justice to the subject. Nothing was done with the subject until recently when I had the compelling urge to write it. The writer knows that words fall far short of doing full service to the rejection and injustice suffered by members of many minority groups; however, my attempt has been sincere."



**KAREN CASSAR, LANSDALE, PA. AGE 16/** "To me creative writing is the thoughts and feelings I can put down on paper. 'Tenting Tonight' (pages 60-62) was written after spending a night outside with some friends. As for why I like to write—I just enjoy it."



**CHARLOTTE GRUNWALD, BUCYRUS, OHIO. AGE 17/** "I have always been interested in words and in trying to express myself in the best way possible. That naturally leads to creative writing. It is a challenge to put on paper precisely the way one feels. I feel as if the story 'The Guard' (pages 62-63) is one of my children because I have worked on it often and sincerely. This story, I believe, is one of my best efforts to express my feelings about the strange and irrevocable force of life."

## FLY OR FALL

BY MARK RIESENBERGER

It was raining. The big drops splashed against the window, disintegrated, forming little puddles along the narrow wooden sill at the bottom, until the little puddles became big ones and fell off the edge to the sidewalk far below, where they splashed and disintegrated once again. Down below, among the drops and puddles were the people, the students, the teachers. For most of them it was just the beginning; but for me it was all over, the end. Tomorrow night was graduation, and today was the last day of classes I would ever attend at Central High.

Suddenly a hard slap on the shoulder brought me back to earth. "Hey, Larry. Ain't ya comin'?" I wouldn't miss old man Purdy's class for anything today. He's such a kook. Ya know last year he actually gave his graduation classes a big lecture about what it's like in the great big world? Man, it musta really been funny."

I looked out the window again. All the people, all the cars and people, moving so fast and so sure of themselves. "Joey," I said. "You want to know something? I'm scared, I'm so scared I never want to leave here."

"Guess that sounds pretty funny, huh?" I said, suddenly ashamed of myself. But Joey wasn't laughing anymore. "I know what ya mean, buddy," he said softly. "I know just what ya mean." We both stood there, just looking out the window and thinking, the hum of classes in session making the silent hall seem quieter than it really was. "More like a nest," I thought to myself. "A nest holding us up above a world we soon be dropped into, whether we want to be or not. And we are tiny little birds and it's fly or fall. Fly or fall," I kept thinking, "fly or fall or . . ."

Then the bell rang, and students began pouring out into the hall on their way to their next class. "Well," Joey said loudly, "I guess we better go see old man Purdy." Soon everyone was talking and laughing, for some reason louder than we had to, and it didn't stop when we got to class. Sally was trying to take the roll, but no one seemed to care. Everyone knew this was the last time any of us would have class together, and it was as if we were trying to forget it—to forget ourselves—by cutting up.



"C'mon, kids. Sit down so I can take the roll," Sally shouted over the noise. But no one felt like sitting down. No one, that is, until Jack decided it might be funny if he put a tack on Sally's seat. Unfortunately the practical joke didn't come off quite as planned. Sally sat down all right, but it was her hand that the tack punctured. With a scream she jumped up, holding her hand where the blood was already spurting.

The talking and laughter melted to a whisper, and then to nothing, to a silence that was louder than all the noise that had preceded it. It was Mr. Purdy, standing in the doorway, who spoke first. "You had better see the nurse, Sally," he said softly. His hands shook as he walked across the room to his big desk and sat down, but his voice was steady. In the back Jack slumped low in his desk and erased imaginary pencil marks from its top. Everyone was quiet, waiting. But the expected never came. No shouting, no speeches or sermons, no anything. Nothing but silence, the worst punishment of all. What we did expect was that lecture, that "funny" lecture about how it is in this big world. But no one laughed. Not even Joey.

The next day everyone was talking about Sally and her "accident." But what really bothered me was watching all the underclassmen rushing between classes, laughing and talking as if everything was the same, as if nothing had changed. But it had, and whether for better or worse I didn't know. All I could think about was "fly or fall, fly or fall. After today it's fly or fall."

It was Joey's idea. "Hey, I got all my teachers' autographs except old man Purdy's," he had said.

"Well, why don't you go get it?" I asked. "He won't bite."

"Don't be too sure, buddy. He's got teeth like a Great Dane."

"C'mon. Give me your yearbook and I'll get it for you, teeth or no teeth."

The door was open, and I walked in. He was standing at the window watching the students moving across the campus.

"Mr. Purdy?"

"Oh, Larry. You startled me. I guess I was pretty far away."

"I just wanted to get your autograph for my—for my yearbook," I said, handing him Joey's book. He took it and paged through until he found his picture. Taking out his pen he said, "How do you like it?"

Leaving high school I mean.” With a shrug I mumbled something about it being great.

“I can remember when I was graduating,” he went on. “I can remember how happy and proud I was, and how scared, too. Does that sound funny?”

I nodded, and hated myself for it.

“Yes, I guess it does. But then there are a lot of things Mr. Purdy says that are funny, eh Larry?” he said.

Surprised, I gave him a quick glance, but he was already writing in the book, and smiling. His long snow-white hair hung down over his forehead, and every few minutes he tried to push it back in place with his hand, but it always seemed to spring right back again. Sitting there he looked a thousand years old, and I wanted more than anything to run out the door and just keep running and running and never come back.

“Here, Larry. And good luck,” he said holding out his hand. I shook it and mumbled “good-bye” and “thanks a lot” and turned and walked out the door, feeling my stomach tie itself into knots. *It was almost time for the little bird to leave the nest and try his wings.* I walked to the window, and with fumbling fingers opened the yearbook to Mr. Purdy’s picture. Below it he had neatly printed, “The trademark of a man is not how many times he falls, but how often he picks himself up and tries again.” Only a handful of words written by an old man, yet as I looked out the window and watched the last few dying drops of rain fall from the windowsill to the sidewalk far below, I saw my fears fall with them, and I knew I had already “graduated.” I knew I could fly.

## HEDWIG’S TICKET

BY GRETCHEN DORRINGTON

The grand parks of Gottsburg stimulate inspiration, quiet meditation and peace. To the stranger strolling sedately by the majestic profusion of the gaiety of children’s laughter and the lilting music of a merry-go-round is the last of his expectations. But, the merry-go-round is the

heart of Gottsburg and the children, the soul. The townsfolk of Gottsburg love the beauty of their green gardens, and sit on the benches lost in reverie as haunting melodies drift by, or fiery Hungarian gypsy songs defy the most sorrowful spirit. The music originates in the Yosts' merry-go-round, Gottsburg's secret of happiness.

Herr Yost and his docile wife Minnie are the owners of the merry-go-round. They tend their horses with the finest care, and seem to be ageless, for everyone in Gottsburg can boast of securing the gold ring for a free ride on Herr Yost's merry-go-round. That is, everyone but Hedwig.

Hedwig is the sweet daughter of the good mayor of Gottsburg. It appears that the daughter of the mayor should be laughing and romping in the park with her nursemaid, but Hedwig is too ill to be carefree. Her legs are too frail to support her thin body. The good people of Gottsburg try to cheer this pathetic figure, but only "Mamie," the dancing white horse on Herr Yost's merry-go-round, will satisfy Hedwig. She longs each day by her window to leap on "Mamie's" sturdy back and compete for the gold ring. Once, Hedwig managed to leave her house and wheel down to the gardens towards the music of the merry-go-round. Her frantic papa discovered his exhausted daughter in the park, slumped in her wheelchair.

Herr Yost never forgets Hedwig's cries for "Mamie." Thus he is determined to help. The town doctor informs him that Hedwig could walk and be energetic if she goes to Frankfurt for a very extensive operation. Since Gottsburg is a modest village, no one is able to afford such an expense. But, an idea strikes Herr Yost one breezy day, and he elicits the benevolence of Gottsburg. The children who come to the merry-go-round are surprised at first to view an imposing barrel with a colorful label—"Hedwig's Ticket." Each person passing the barrel contributes a nickle to the cause of paying Hedwig's expensive fare. The success of the operation and Hedwig's delight in riding "Mamie" is the only repayment necessary.

Everyone is aiding in the cost for Hedwig's operation. Each week, Hedwig's nurse brings a tiny purse smelling of lavender to the barrel and empties its meagre contents. Small boys deposit their extra pennies. The housewives conduct fairs and bazaars for Hedwig. The shining silver coins pile higher and higher. Spirits are soaring—almost as high as the new war prices.

War! The threat of war increased prices, but when the actual combat begins, Gottsburg becomes frugal. The men march off to fight and the women remain, depressingly bitter. And yet, even when the last

scrawny rooster is eaten, "Hedwig's Ticket" is untouched. The promise of better times lies in the hands of the Lord and "Hedwig's Ticket." When the army comes, the women hide the barrel in the garden. They cry futile tears as the soldiers crudely ravage Gottsburg and the merry-go-round. Conditions continue to worsen, but no one suggests the fortune in the barrel.

To the traveller in Gottsburg, the weatherworn barrel with the faded, tattered sign—"Hedwig's Ticket"—arouses his curiosity. The old gentleman looking fondly at the children on the merry-go-round responds to your inquiry with a tear in his eye. His sad tale of the faith of the kind people of Gottsburg moves you. He relates a story of a little girl's dream to gallop on "Mamie" and how diligently the townsfolk worked to make it come true. But the little girl Hedwig died before her vision became a reality. Yet, still the good folk of Gottsburg deposit their extra nickles in the barrel for all the forlorn Hedwigs in the world.

## JUST SUPPOSE

*BY PATTY ROLAND*

The sky was as blue as cornflowers in a vast field. The clouds were wisps of cotton stretched and pulled until almost torn. The road was a strip of blacktop that seemed to go on forever.

A small figure could be seen running along the shoulder of road. A closer look revealed the figure to be a girl of undetermined age. Perhaps she was as young as fourteen or as old as twenty.

She seemed quite out of breath as she stumbled along the road. Her breaths came in short gasps and finally she stopped to rest. She looked furtively around. Was she running from something?

Now she took time to gaze at the yellow blanket of mustard flowers and cornflower cotton sky. She wondered why her fear had made her blind to the beauties of God's world. Could anything be that frightening? But she was running. She was running from a town, her town filled with prejudiced boors who didn't realize in God's kingdom everyone was equal. She thought everyone was equal. Sometimes she wondered.



Out of the corner of her eye she saw a small mangy yellow dog. He had not been cared for in a long time for his coat did not have the look or lustre of a well-fed pup. He was an outcast just as she was. He stopped to sniff at her feet. Not realizing she and he would be good company for each other, he moved on down the highway.

Where would she go? Where would she turn? Her mind began to work furiously. Soul-searching was her business at hand. The time had come.

The world; an odd place. A place where civilized societies can rear up and become primitive. Societies where the hearts rule the heads and conformity blossoms. A place where mediocrity is a way of life. A society steeped in prejudice.

What made her different from other people? What exactly made her a freak in the eyes of the town people? Her problem was a national one. A question of race equality was asked. Was it answered? The pigment of her skin made her a minority but minorities had their place in society, didn't they?

She stopped this train of thought. Her emotions were taking over. Her heart still cried out against the loneliness, the bitterness, the pain.

"Was there even a God," she silently asked. If there was one, he must be unmerciful and cruel indeed. He most certainly was not the God of the Bible stories and Sunday School lessons. Looking about, she could wonder about him no longer. She knew. All she had to do was to look at the leaf she held in her hand; a miraculous example of His Work. The crying of a baby or the crackling of an autumn camp fire in the woods were other proofs. His World; an art gallery of paintings. Paintings so exquisite, man-made masterpieces couldn't touch them for beauty.

She clenched her fists and a sob burst from her lips. "God, forgive me, forgive me," she wept.

Because she was a minority she was a flower among weeds, a ladybug among flies. She was an individual. Her color made no difference.

She was rudely brought back to reality by sounds of shouting. She wheeled around to see a mob of unfeeling beings swarming towards her. She kicked off her shoes and started to run.

Faster now the mass came. She looked back to see a blur of jeering dark faces. They were chanting something. She dreaded to hear what her ears picked up.

"White, White, you White girl. White, White, go away!"

She ran. She ran. She ran.



# TENTING TONIGHT

BY KAREN CASSAR

It all started the night Susie got in an argument with my twin brother Chris. Chris is 16 and thinks he knows all there is to know. He had just come back from a camping trip in the mountains and claimed there was nothing like the good old outdoors to bring out the best in you.

"Hah!" I scoffed, "I can just see you getting up at six in the morning to chop firewood."

"Yeah," remarked Susie, "they probably used charcoal."

"Quiet, you infants!" yelled Chris, who is five minutes older than I am (hence the infant bit). "I'd like to see you sleep out one night."

"Wanna bet," cried Susie.

"You'd get scared and run in the house for the rest of the night," I jeered.

"Would not," Susie replied hotly.

"Would too!" Chris yelled back.

"Just for that we'll sleep out tonight. O.K., Lyn?"

"Huh?"

"Lyn, we're going to sleep out tonight," she explained gently.

"What!" I groaned. "Oh brother, are we gonna be in for it. This is going to be some night."

"What are you talking about?" Susie asked.

"Come here." I dragged her to the hall closet, pushed her in, climbed in myself, shut the door and sat down on the floor. "Now wait and be quiet," I told her. Soon we heard footsteps, the sound of a chair being pulled across the floor and a telephone being dialed.

"Hello, is Steve there? . . . . . Steve? . . . This is Chris. They're gonna sleep out tonight . . . just like I told you . . . all I had to do was get them mad . . . O. K. . . . call George . . . see you tonight around 9:30 . . . they ought to be settled then . . . Bye."

"Why that . . . that beast," Susie sputtered. "I'm gonna kill him. Just wait till I get my hands on him."

"No, wait. Here's my plan." Five minutes later we emerged from the closet gloating.

"Just wait," crowed Susie, "we'll fix them."

A half an hour later we were in the tent.

"Now," I directed Sue, "fix up your bed so it looks like you're in it."

... hurry up it's almost 9:30 ... all finished? ... climb up in that tree and wait on the lowest branch." I raced to the back porch, grabbed a bucket, filled it with water, and handed it to Sue. "Wait here," I whispered, and ran into the house. In the kitchen I grabbed a ball of string and all the pots and pans I could carry. Out on the lawn I could see Sue was beginning to get the idea.

"Okey," she cried and we strung pots and pans happily, paying no attention to the law about disturbing the peace. At exactly 9:30 we heard whispering as Chris and his friends rounded a corner of the house.

"Quiet," I heard Chris say, "they're probably still awake. Boy, are they going to get the scare of their lives."

Sue and I held our breaths.

"According to my timing they should trip over the pans in a minute," whispered.

Crash, bang, and the yells of a couple boys who had just banged their shins, filled the air.

"Now," I yelled, and together Susie and I pushed over the bucket of water we held.

"Yip!" yelled Chris as cold water poured down his back. Up in the tree Susie and I broke out in giggles. "Grab them!" yelled Chris as we climbed down the tree.

"Run!" I yelled, "Head for the hills!" But we were too late. Quickly we were surrounded by three bruised, sopping wet, mad boys. "Boy, do you look a mess," I said nervously backing away.

"This is nothing compared to what you'll look like when we get finished with you," declared Chris.

"Yeah," echoed George and Steve.

"Now Chris, you wouldn't dare touch me. Would you?"

"Wanna bet?"

"No."

Suddenly we heard a screech and a large spotlight was turned on us. Two burly policemen came up the walk followed by an old gentleman wearing a nightgown and nightcap. Susie and I looked at each other and burst out laughing. Mr. Stevens looked like a character out of one of Dickens' novels. But our next door neighbor was anything but friendly tonight.

"They're the ones, officers; they made all the noise. Look at them; here's the evidence," he screamed.

"Now, now," assured one of the officers, "we'll take care of them."



Then he turned to us. Looking directly at me he said sternly, "Which one of you wants to explain?"

I gulped and stole a look at Chris. He had turned a rosy red.

"Well, if you're not going to speak here we'll have to take you to the station house."

That's how an innocent little prank landed us behind bars. Susie and I sat down on a cot. At least we weren't as bad off as the boys. They had no dry clothes.

A half an hour later we stood before a judge. He listened to our story and then said: "Reminds me of a prank I once played. However, you lived out in the country and didn't disturb the peace." He emphasized the last word.

"Yes, sir," we replied in small voices. Then the judge spoke.

"Your sentence is to write a 2,000 word essay on why disturbing the peace is wrong. Case dismissed."

That was two weeks ago and since then we've explained to our parents, made peace with Mr. Stevens next door, written our essays and sent them to the judge, who in turn sent them to a nationwide contest. Chris's essay won fourth prize and ten dollars.

Waving the check just out of my reach, Chris gloated, "Who says crime doesn't pay?"

## THE GUARD

---

BY CHARLOTTE GRUNWALD

It was dark; the dark of early morning, suspended, and waiting for the first barbs of light to show the beginning of another long day. A young man in uniform looking apprehensively at the gun in his hand stood by the stark man-made wall not yet graced by nature's softening touch.

Anton was his name; now he was questioning his right to be holding this vicious weapon. It was his first night guarding the barricade. In fact, his first night doing anything for the regime. He was aware of a sense of deviation from his principles, and knew something was amiss. He should never have surrendered to these bellicose and cruel people now commanding him.



But Anton argued with himself, what else could I have done? Now at least I'm on the good side of them. If I keep a few people from getting past the wall, the authorities will trust me, and I can help others cross to freedom. Cila said only last week she would soon resort to trying to escape over the wall.

Still another force in him retorted: Yes, you can help some others, but this isn't the way to do it. There would have been a way without giving up your ideals and hurting some people. What would Cila do if she knew you had given up? She would lose faith in everything.

She doesn't know, though, he answered back. Dear Cila, if only I can help her escape, then we can get married. So, Anton stood, brooding, on the narrow path already trampled by heavy brutal men before him. He did not belong to the group of people for whom he was standing guard, nor did he belong yet to the oppressed people under the ruthless regime. He was young, filled with ideas of liberty and freedom, but also with visions of a happy life, love, and children of his own. Not ready to die for liberty, he had pawned liberty for life.

A sound broke off his dark thoughts. By instinct he tightened the hold on his gun, and stalked toward the intrusion.

"Who is there?" His useless query shattered the dim silence.

Now alert, Anton listened. He could sense someone else in the minous dark.

Like an ice carving he waited for the inevitable move to give the hidden person away. Time dragged on. Finally his alert ears heard a tentative footstep; then another. He now was sure where the person was.

A shot retorted sharply. It was done. Quickly Anton ran to the ready motionless body. Then came his anguished cry.

"Cila!"

With a sob of horror he knelt beside his unknowing sweetheart.

It was daylight. The sun made little difference on the chill in the air. An officer and his aide were making the rounds checking the wall. Under the gray shadow of a sheltering tree they came upon two dead bodies.

Callously indifferent, the officer glanced at them, took the gun from beside the boy, examined it, and handed it to his aide.

"Here, take this with you. There are only two bullets gone, and we may want it."

Without another glance the two walked away.

Over the two young bodies the wind sighed.

